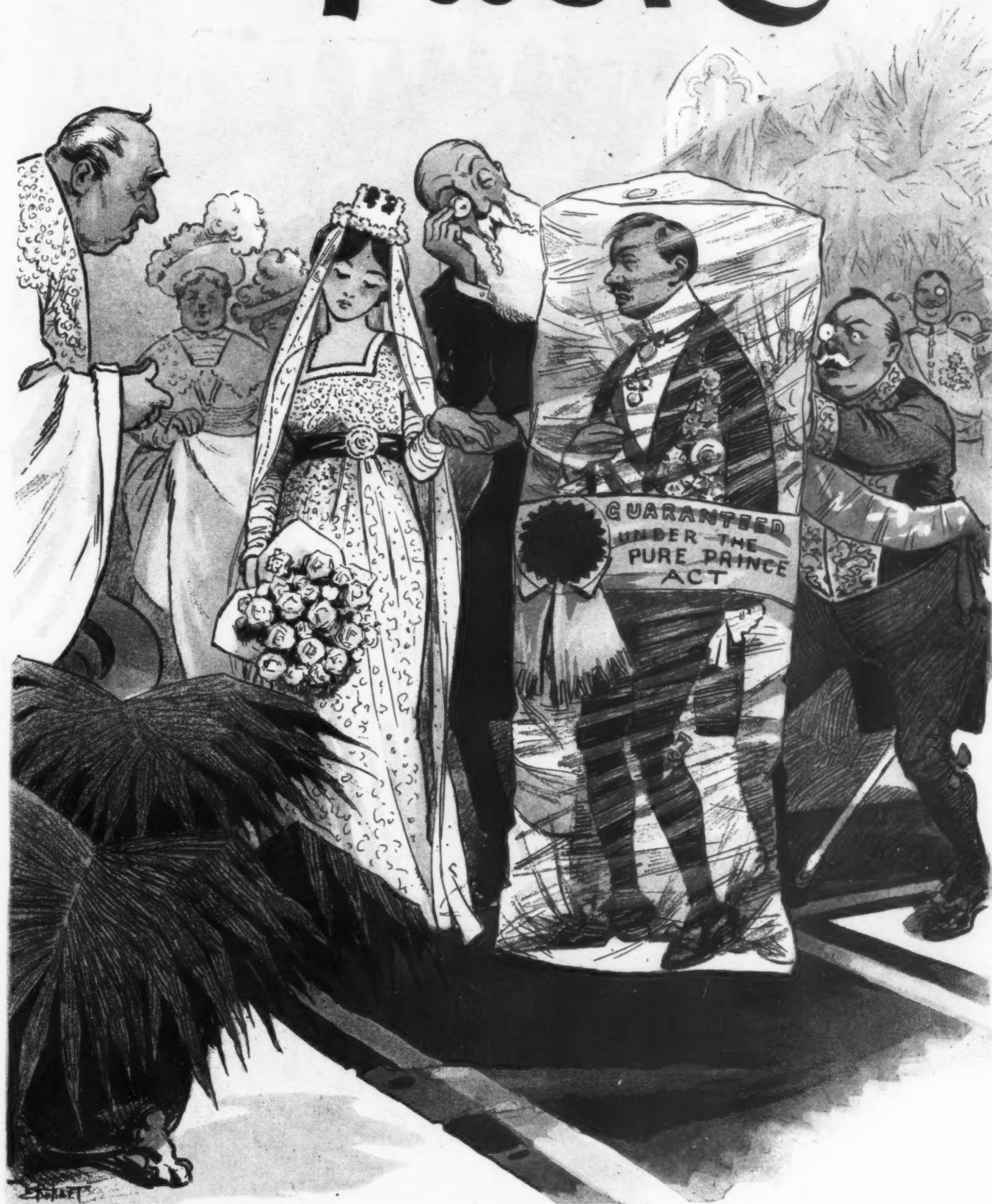


Puck



WARNING TO ROYAL BRIDES.
DO NOT MARRY HIM IF THE SEAL IS BROKEN.



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Cartoons and Comments

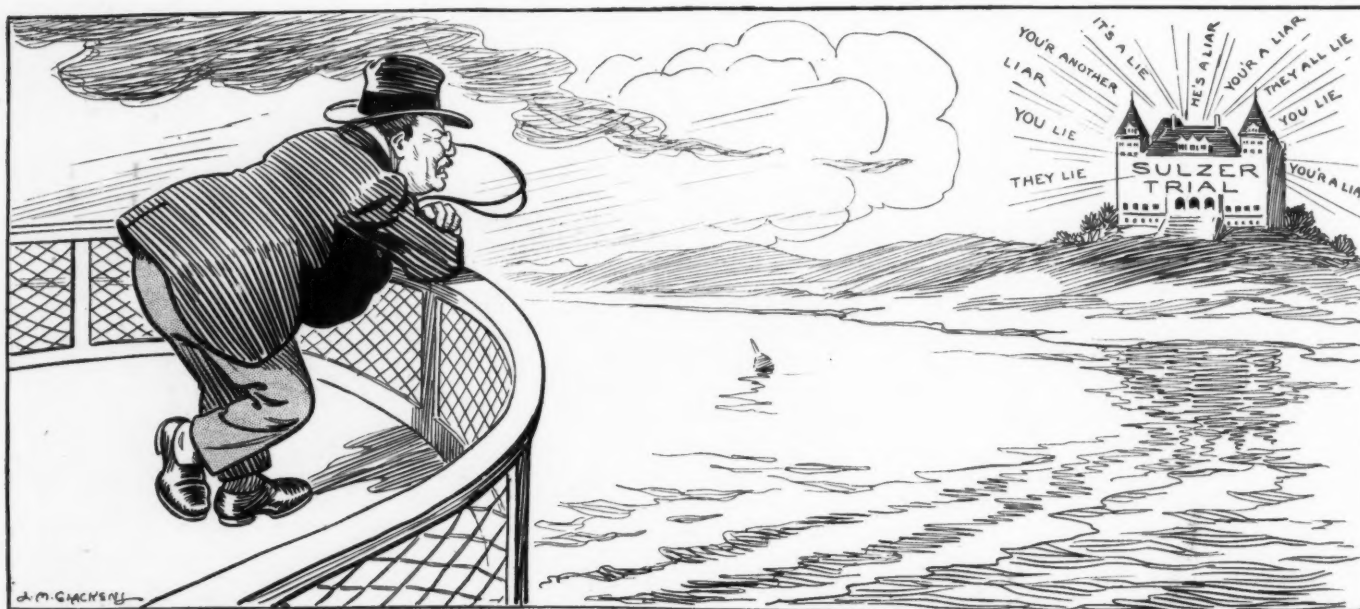
FRIENDS IN NEED. THE friends of the Constitution are up in arms again. Those who look upon themselves as caretakers of that sacred document feel that it is shown scant courtesy by President WILSON. They see signs that the President is "overstepping the constitutional limitations of his office." Grave fears are expressed that he plans "to usurp the legislative functions of Congress;" in other words, to boss things. He came very close to "dictating" in the matter of tariff revision, and now there is alarming indication that he means to do the same with the currency question. The occasion is one of great gravity. A President with a proper sense of the limitations of his office would state a few solemn platitudes in a message or two, and then look on in hapless impotence while his party in Congress made kindling wood of party pledges. If President WILSON had adopted that course in the tariff crisis, there might have been a woeful mess made of the whole tariff business

and of the Democratic Party, but "the friends of the Constitution" would have highly approved. It is perhaps an odd coincidence that the Constitution has no stancher friends anywhere than the men and interests who prospered and fattened under the old tariff favoritism. Likewise in the case of currency reform. The Constitution numbers among its most outspoken champions the men and interests who oppose the kind of currency legislation that President WILSON wants. Let him but sit back in his White House chair and permit Congress to do its own sweet will with the currency question, undisturbed by pressure and unembarrassed by reminders of party pledges, and the friends of the Constitution will doubtless withdraw the charges of "dictation" and "usurpation of legislative functions," but the currency bill will become an emasculated compromise, a flimflam, and a crawl. It is pleasant to think that the Constitution of the United States has such loyal friends to care

for it and to watch over it, but it is unpleasant to think that those who are such good friends of the Constitution are such bad friends of the rank and file of the American people.

"IN this country the farmer receives only a small fraction of the price paid by the consumer. Enormous packing establishments have monopolized the business, and there is little or no competition in buying the farmer's stock."—*Official Bulletin.*

We are glad to note that the Department of Agriculture testifies to the truth of PUCK's cartoon of October 15th. The demand for meat is steadily increasing; the domestic supply is rapidly decreasing. In the face of such an undoubted condition, why is it that farmers everywhere do not rush pell-mell into cattle raising? That is the question,—why? That WHY is causing the Beef Trust's acute embarrassment. It furnishes more conclusive proof of monopoly's existence than all the solemn suits ever brought by a solemn Attorney-General.



"AND I WAS NOT THERE!"



LIFTING THE MORTGAGE.

HER MAIDEN FEARS.



GEORGE!" There was anxiety — just a little of it — in the girl's tone.
 "What is it, love?"
 "I read something in the paper to-day that alarmed me."
 "What was it?"
 "Niagara Falls is wearing away at the rate of more than twelve inches a year; and in the course of some hundreds of years they will be gone entirely."

"What of that?"
 "You know it is such a delightful place for honeymoon trips."

"Yes."
 "I had set my heart on going there for our own bridal tour."

"Y-e-es?"
 "We have been engaged four years now."

"About that length of time."

She laid her head on his shoulder, sobbing.
 "In that time — boo-hoo! — fully fifty inches of the Falls will have been worn away — boo-hoo! — and I'm afraid they'll be all gone before — before — Oh, dear! what am I saying?"

"Never mind, love," said George, tenderly, as he kissed her cheeks. "Don't cry. We'll go before the Falls are worn away. How would next June suit?"

"That will do nicely, sweetheart."
 And she was happy again.

HE who owns a folding-bed does n't have far to look for something to turn up.

PRACTICAL.

"SPEAKIN' o' doctors," said old man Hensley, "th' ones they turn out nowadays, out o' these here medicle institoots, ain't practical. On'y things they learn is a lot o' the'ries 'et they can't put to no earthly use; 'en they goes on, a dopin' 'nd a dosin' people 'cordin' tu what these yur books tells 'em; but they ain't practical; no, sir. 'Member one Fall, nine year ago, feller 't was workin' for Ab. Hopkins took mighty sick all uv a suddin; wa' n't no doctor 'ithin sixteen mile, 'cept'n' ole Doc Crantz, en' he wuz a vet'nary hoss doctor; but ole Doc knew whut it wuz, you betchu; said a hoss's dose fer the same sickness wuz four poun's; en' he figgered 'et a hoss weighed fifteen hundred, en' this yur feller weighed one-fifty, jes' one-tenth es heavy, yu un'erstan'; en' so he gin him one-tenth uv a hoss's dose in perportion. Thet there's what I terminate applyin' yer the'ries."

"Whut's thet? Oh, in 'bout an hour; but 't wa' n't no ways likely et thet killed him; he'd prob'ly died anyhow!"

HIS DEFINITION.

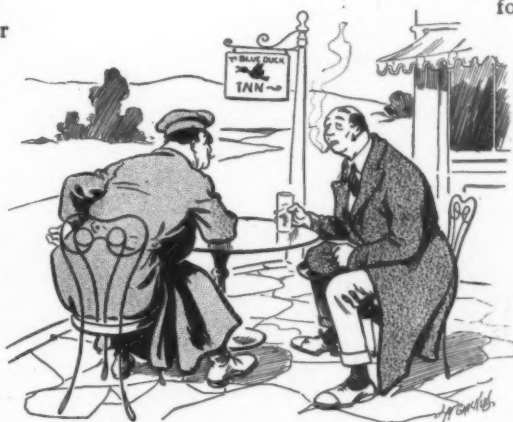
LITTLE HORATIO.—Pa, what does "ovation" mean?

WALKER HAMM (*the eminent tragedian*).—It is a word derived from the Latin "ovum," meaning egg, my son.

CRUEL FATE.

VISITOR TO JAIL.—And how did you get here?

CONFIDENCE-MAN.—They gave me five years just for attending to my business.



FROM BAD TO WORSE.

"Enjoy your motor trip in the mountains?"

"No. Twenty miles from nowhere I ran over a skunk, and a few rods further on I ran over a porcupine and punctured three tires!"

Hunger may be an evil, but it is the prime cause of nearly all the industry in this little old world.

NO MAN IS A HERO TO HIS CADDY.



THE SELF-MADE MAN AT HIS DESK - A SUPERIOR BEING.



THE SELF-MADE MAN ON THE GOLF LINKS - AN INFERIOR BEING.

WE can't punish a man for his evil intentions, yet he often gets into trouble through his good ones.

THE antagonisms between Capital and Labor are often precipitated by laborers who won't work and capitalists who can't hire.

YEA and verily, saith the Wise Man, it is more blessed to give ten dollars than to receive ten days.



Revised Version.

My bonnet came over the ocean,
My bonnet came over the sea;
My bonnet was seized by the Customs,
Oh, give back my bonnet to me!

Chorus:

Give back, give back,
Give back my bonnet to me,
to me,
Give back, give back,
Oh, give back my bonnet to me!



A HOOSIER COURTSHIP.

ACT I.



HOOSIER.—Your mother has this here grips, and I'm tired of drivin' through the mud lookin' for a hired-girl. There ain't no help to be had! Marry a good, strong girl, and I will deed you the farm.

HOSEA.—How about Betsey Bump?

HOOSIER.—I've hearn tell of her good cookin'.

ACT II.

BETSEY.—But, Hosey, darling, are you sure you love me?

HOSEA.—Love you, Betsey? Why, I cannot live without you!

BETSEY.—Then let's get married right away, Hosey.

HOSEA.—The sooner the better, my own treasure. How would to-morrow do? To-morrow morning!

BETSEY.—All right. Pa says I must marry or live out.

CIVIL-SERVICE EXAMINATION.

QUESTION.—What is twelve times twelve?
ANSWER.—I have voted de Democratic ticket ever since 1882.

QUESTION.—What is the sum of 235,489 and 11,273?
ANSWER.—Me war-rd is de sixt'.

QUESTION.—What is the product of 437 multiplied by 73?
ANSWER.—I have heeled for O'Gallagher, and he knows me every time.

QUESTION.—Have you ever read the Constitution of the United States?
ANS.—I can lick any man in the deestrick.

QUESTION.—What are the duties of the office for which you apply?
ANSWER.—I have a pull wid de police.

QUESTION.—What experience have you had in performing such duties?
ANSWER.—

I can set 'em up for the boys whenever de bell rings.

QUESTION.—What references can you give as to your moral character and general ability?
ANSWER.—Turn de rascals out.

MATHEMATICS.

LILY.—Her husband was seventy when he died, and he left her a million.

DAISY.—They had been married five years, I think.

LILY.—Yes. Just think — two hundred thousand dollars a year!

INCONSISTENCY.

POET.—You said the other day in your paper that poverty is not a crime.

EDITOR.—Well?

POET.—And yet you decline my verses simply because you say they are poor



DRAWING FROM THE NUDE.

AS TO R. M. C. PETE.

DESPITE the competition of the "movies," the dime novel is not dead. Nor will it die while its spirit is sustained by such animated "compositions" as the following, the lurid literary product of a New York schoolboy:

The Most Nutricious outlaw that California ever knew named "Rocky Mountain Cañon Pete" was shot through the heart and killed outright by the "Stelthy" sherriff of the cañon county.

The Sheriff was a kind harted man took poor R. M. C. Pete to his den where he laid him down on his Bearskin couch where it would nice and soft for the "Stone Dead" Form of the outlaw.

The well trained ear of the Sherriff caught the rustle of Mrs. R. M. C. Pete as she came galloping into the main room of the den to see what the "Slight" Noise was.

When she saw the white gastly stone dead corpse of her darling Son R. M. C. Pete lying on the flat of his back "dead," she flung herself upon the body and managed to sob out (of course this was a very wrong thing to do in a dead mans presence), "Oh my dear boy are you dead?" The question seemed to have caught R. M. C. Pete's nerve because he answered in a cold grave like voice "No you poor half dying pink sidewiskered Giraffe I'm just taking a short ride to Carson City on a half witted Cockroach."

A FAIR ATHLETE.

SHE could swing a six-pound dumbbell,
She could fence and she could box;
She could row upon the river,
She could clamber 'mong the rocks;
She could do some heavy bowling,
And play tennis all day long;
But she could n't help her mother,
'Cause she was n't very strong!

You may always expect an impecunious friend to call upon you in a very short time.

A bundle on the end of a stick is a pretty sure sign that the man who carries it has lost his grip.

JUST LANDED.



JN galleys and galleons, long ago,
In junks and feluccas, for aught I know,
In cutters and luggers, in barques and brigs,
In xebecs and other queer kinds of rigs,
In schooners of masts two, three, and four,
In ships of three masts, ships of more,
In old three-deckers with lofty poops,
In barkentines, brigantines, yawls, and sloops,
In ocean greyhounds and ocean tramps,
Singly, by companies, tribes and camps,
In shiploads and cargoes, by threes and twos,
As passengers, stowaways, captives, crews,
They've come and they're coming, and
coming to stay—
These myriad folk from far away.
From England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales,
From Switzerland's mountains, Iceland's dales,
From China, Italy, Turkestan,
From Russia, Prussia, and Japan,
From Holland, Hungary, Zululand,
From Norway, India, Egypt, and,
In fact, to cut my story short,
From every nation, tribe, and court
The Eastern Hemisphere contains,
The men and women of brawn and brains
Are rushing, crushing, pushing here,
With manners odd and customs queer—
We can laugh at them now, for the other day
Our fathers were folk from far away.

THE LEGS OF MAN.

THE smallest street-fight in Ballyshannon has an issue behind it; but after ten minutes of blackthorn swinging not a soul is able to remember what that issue was. Some folks dimly remember that the Balkan War started with an issue. It had something to do with the Turks. But when the combatants were finally disentangled, and the



expert accountants began to figure on the taxes to be assessed against several generations as yet unborn, it was found that the Turks had quit the game at the end of the fifth inning, and left the victorious team to play scrub and kill the umpires.

It was a famous victory, whatever the name of the victory was. And, as a celebration of the famous victory, one of the Balkan governments is advertising in the German newspapers for three thousand artificial legs. "Estimates considered only from concerns who are able to deliver this quantity. Address Dr. Richard Mauch, Cologne, Germany." Presumably these legs are going to cost the recipients nothing. In a burst of generosity the Balkan government in question is going to distribute them as little tokens of its esteem and gratitude for services rendered. Soon there will be three thousand Balkanese stumping around the Near East, living advertisements of an ancient royal sport.

Now, there is no use pretending that the owners of these wooden legs are any better off for the exchange. They were perfectly satisfied with the legs they already had. A far greater number of their neighbors and friends lost parts of their anatomy not within the power of man to replace. Where there were villages, homes, churches, there are now heaps of ashes, melted glass, and scrap iron. Where there were families, there are now hoboes. The fields will open next Spring, ripe for the plow, but the hands that held the plow will not be there. The roses will bloom a little redder, perhaps.

The three thousand legs for which the Balkan government has substituted "something just as good"—these legs must wonder why they are where they are; why their owners left them so suddenly in a strange place and never returned for them. The owners do not know. There will come a generation which, when invited to go out into a strange place and leave a leg, will smile a knowing smile. They will step into the house and get grandfather's wooden leg, and look at it long and thoughtfully.



TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.

WIFE.—John, I must have a new hat, and gown! — HUSBAND.—That's good!
WIFE.—And gloves, shoes, silk stockings, opera cloak! — HUSBAND.—That's good!
WIFE.—Wake up, you wretch! You're dreaming you're in a poker game!



FRIGHTFULLY UNSANITARY.

TOWN-BRED HOG (*home on a visit*).—Pater, dear! Can it be possible you still exist without—aw—individual troughs?

A NEW AND THRILLING PLAY.



HAVE just witnessed a drama which contains a large amount of thrill to the act, and possesses a daynoomong which shows that the daynoomonger who wrote it was no slouch, if I may be permitted the expression.

As the piece is quite new, I think the public will be interested in a description of it. This will only whet their desire to see the whole show, which, I am informed, is soon to make a tour of the country.

One of the characters is named Topsy. She is either a colored person or was born that way; it was impossible to tell which without a closer view than a seat in the last row of the parquet afforded. She has a jocular vein of humor in her make-up, and when she says "Golly! I 'se so wicked!" the people laugh as though it were funny to be wicked, instead of being chiefly dangerous.

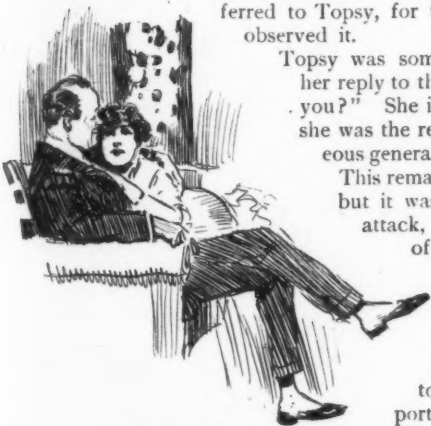
Topsy was not very well dressed. In fact, this play does not as yet travel on its good clothes. Her dress was cut *décolleté* both at the top and the bottom, but what she lacked in elaborate garmenture she made up in airy persiflage and local gags.

Another of the characters, Miss Ophelia, frequently observed "How shiftless!" She probably referred to Topsy, for the audience had also observed it.

Topsy was somewhat unorthodox in her reply to the question, "Who made you?" She inclined to the opinion that she was the result of an attack of spontaneous generation, and said she "jest growed."

This remark also brought down the house; but it was promptly rebuilt for the next attack, which occurred when the slice of midnight asked Aunt Ophelia if there were any little black angels in heaven.

Another of the characters is named Eliza Harris. Her clothes are not pretty, being torn in places and plated in other portions with goods which did not originally come from the same foundry. The worn appearance of her garb would indicate that the piece had been on the road and the actors on the railroad track a long time, and had met with adverse



PRUDENCE.

CHOLLY.—I know a nice little house for three thousand cash. There's a two-thousand mortgage on it!

HIS FIANCEE.—Now, dear, don't get a place with a mortgage on it. Suppose we should want to buy a car?

criticism and other missiles, but the manager assured me that such was not the case.

The play would probably take better if some Paris dresses were imported for some of the women characters to wear; but if Eliza wore one it would have to be taken off before she tried to escape across the ice, or the fierce bloodhounds might tear it with their fearful fangs.

The ice in the play is of a pale dark color, and looks as if it had been sawed in chunks about the size of a stone off an oak log.

The bloodhounds are remarkable features of the drama, being genuine animals with the bark on. They get the bark off several times during their presence on the stage in a large, heart-rending tone of voice.

Besides the females I have mentioned there is a small-sized one named Eva, who dies at every performance in a life-like manner, but resuscitates in time for the next appearance.

There are other characters also—Uncle Tom himself, a lawyer named Marks, and several people.

The business of the piece is very exciting, and there is no doubt that it will have a long run. The author, I think, should feel encouraged and hasten to give the American public another production of his transcendent genius.

The play, I should have stated at first, is called "Uncle Tom's Cabin."



THE BY-PRODUCTS.

COOGAN, THE CUSTOMER.—There's as much nourishment in a pint av peanuts as in two pounds av thot steak.

GROGAN, THE BUTCHER.—But there's no gravy, an' nothin' for th' cat, an' no hash the next day!

TWISTED HISTORY.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.—And now, Johnny Hapgood, it's your turn. What did his father do when the Prodigal Son returned?

JOHNNY (*who can't help reading the sporting editions of the daily press*).—Please, sir, he jumped on his neck and kissed him.

EVERYTHING comes to him who waits, but he's apt to be a dead one when it arrives.

A cat has nine lives, but she does n't have a minute to spare when the small boy gets after her.



THE PUCK PRESS

ST. CLAIR.

LITTLE EVA.

THE POLITICAL UNCLE

LITTLE EVA. — Oh, Papa, won't you



UNCLE TOMMERS.
Papa, won't you buy him for me?

UNCLE TOM.

SLAVE-DRIVER HALEY.



FASHION PLUS UTILITY.

THE SLIT SKIRT AND THE KNEELET ARRIVE IN THE GAS-HOUSE DISTRICT.

MISS BRIDGET'S REFERENCE.

[Read first and third lines of each verse,
But not to Bridget—she might curse.]

THE bearer's Miss Flannigan. She
Is steady, hard-working, and never
Drinks whisky and goes on a spree,
For she is a girl very clever.

You'll find she will steal on the sly
No moments from working to play,
And you will discover she'll lie
Abed never late in the day.

She's ugly and impudent to
The tramps, if they come to annoy
Her mistress, and fighting she'll do,
If they venture in to destroy.

Whatever she cooks you can't eat
Without praising her wonderful skill;
She runs late at night on the street
On errands with very good will.

She saves all the food, which she takes
Good care of, and often she writes
To her Ma, who keeps boarders, and makes
Her daughter know many delights.

In fact, you'll find Bridget is good
To children, who'll want, when she's by,
For nothing. Not even her food
Will keep her away if they cry.

H. C. Dodge.

SOCIAL INTERCOURSE.

WIFE.—I'm writing to Mrs. Van Cortlandt Lake, dear. Shall I put
in any word from you?

HUSBAND.—That woman makes me deadly tired. Give her my
kindest regards, of course.

BLARNEY.

CARPING PASSENGER.—Why did n't you let me out at Thirteenth
Street, as I asked you to?

HAPPY CONDUCTOR.—Oi'm sorry th' trouble Oi gev ye, ma'am, but
Oi thought it a shame t' lave sich a purty leddy near sich an unlucky
number. Oi'm shpak'ing' truth!

THE way of the transgressor is hard, but that he does n't realize until
he has had a fall thereon.

Experience is a teacher whose lessons should be so thoroughly learned as to
need no subsequent reviewing.

THE PROFESSOR MOVES ON.

FOR forty years Professor Seybold stood, on clear
nights, with his big telescope, in Madison Square,
New York City. Thousands of people, mostly from
out of town, have glued their eyes to that telescope, seen
the craters, mountains, and valleys of the moon and the
satellites of Jupiter, and walked on with a peculiar sensa-
tion of having rubbed coat-sleeves with the
Infinite. Thousands of New Yorkers have
walked sadly by that telescope without
matriculating as astronomers. They
wanted to, but they were afraid of being
taken for country folks.

Professor Seybold had no feverish
desire to relieve his visitor of two cents
and shove him along to make room for
the next. On the contrary, he loved to
chant praises of the universe as the
moon rolled on. He knew a good
deal about the stars, and he was
willing to tell it. He often looked
through the telescope himself; and
that, like a restaurant-keeper
eating in his own place, is the acid
test of sincerity and enthusiasm.
And the old man lived in a houseboat
moored on the Hudson. Thus there was
very little about him that was earthy. His
mind was in the circumambient ether and he
slept on the water.

There is still a telescope in Madison
Square on fair nights, but it is not personally
conducted by Professor Seybold. The professor
has gone along. There is no question where he has gone. He had
the skies charted, and he could navigate the speckled maze as easily as
most of us get home from the Subway station. He knew Mars inti-
mately, fraternized with Saturn, and the Gemini were just like
children to him.

A man who has once looked through a big telescope, if he be a man
of imagination, has already taken out citizenship papers in another world.
Like Professor Seybold, he may hang around on this ball awhile, press-
agencing the wonders of the Greater Show; but there is something a little
unhuman about him afterward.

"No, my friend, there is no life upon the moon," the professor used
to say, in answer to the stock interrogation. No life upon the moon; no.
But Professor Seybold stopped at that negative. With his big telescope
he had undoubtedly found a place where there WAS life; a good place
to go to; and that's where he is.

WHEN a man notices an improvement in himself he throws a chest
and feels that the world is growing better.



SACRILEGE.

D. A. R.—I have the drum that my great-great-grandfather carried
all through the Revolution.

THE FLIPPANT ONE.—And when he saw the enemy, did he beat it?

AT LOVE'S DOOR.

AT the door of Love I stood with bated breath,
A great, strong passion flooding all my soul;
I fancied I could almost cope with Death,—
Should I meet Love, I never would grow old.

Within my mind were countless visions fair, I thought that life would be an endless
Visions that school-girls love to dwell dream;
upon; I builded castles while I rang the bell.
I felt the kisses of the air, Ah! What is Life that we must always
And saw the pearly dew-drops on the scheme?
lawn. Ah! What is Love that we so often tell?

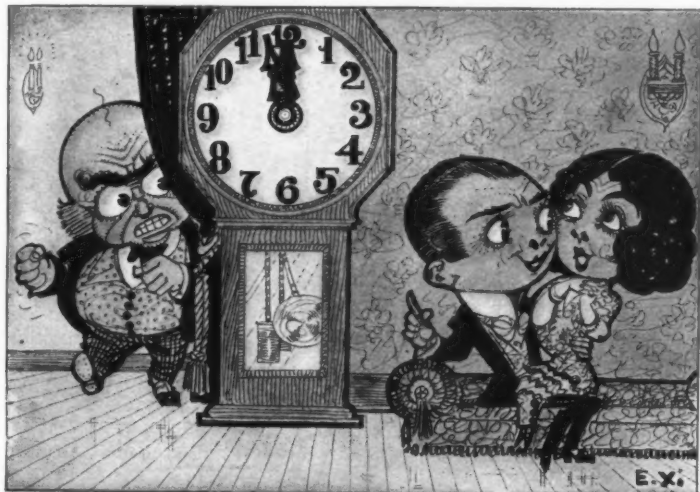
And as I waited, anxious for a sign,
The door was opened, and I saw a grin
Upon the butler's face as he saw mine;
I asked for Love; he said Love was n't in.

Gage Shirley.

HOW TO BE MISCHIEVOUS.

THE MISCHIEVOUS child has many avenues of amusement open to him which are closed to children of a less-adventurous disposition. Most children would gladly be mischievous if they had the inventive minds that are necessary, and it has therefore seemed wise to present a few little hints that may prove useful on a rainy day.

Now that posters are the fad, "poster decoration" is fast attaining prominence as a good game for a dull, house-compelling day. Get a poster of any size, and with a pair of mamma's best scissors cut out the body colors as in the manner of preparing shadow pictures. Now fill a pail with water and empty into it a bottle of bluing. Let little brother or sister hold the stencil



THE DITCHING HOUR.

GUSSE.—Twelve o'clock! I don't believe all they say about awful things happening at midnight, do you?

which you have made of the poster close against the parlor wall, just above the surbase, and then daub the whole thing, using a whitewash brush or, better still, the whisk brush. Now remove the stencil, and if you have been careful you will find that you have made a beautiful blue figure upon the wall. Take a step to the right and repeat the performance, and follow it up all around the room. Be careful not to spill the bluing upon the floor, or mamma might be angered. In a handsome parlor the effect of all these stenciled pictures is indescribable, and often calls forth much comment from parents, particularly if they have a love for art and decorative signs.

Another nice way of killing time, if there are no houses within two hundred feet of the rear of yours, is to take a piece of cardboard and paste it upon the back-parlor windows, first having cut it into the form of a circular target. Now take your air-gun and see how near you can come to the bull's-eye. Care should be taken not to make any hole in the window-panes outside of the target, as it mars the looks of the glass.

If the childhood of those little kids who read this is made any happier by applying these useful hints, I shall feel that I have not written in vain.

A MORE IMPORTANT FACTOR.

LORD BARRENHURST.—You must bear in mind, Gwendolen, that we of the nobility must do nothing unworthy of the deeds of our noble ancestors.

LADY BARRENHURST (née Gotrox, of New York).—Deeds of your ancestors? Indeed! How'd you live if it was n't for the mortgages of mine?

OH! TO BE LIKE HIM!

MRS. NEWLYWED.—Henry, do you remember Jack Watson? Well, he has just been married, and to a girl of absolutely no family at all.

MR. NEWLYWED (looking sadly around at the collection of his wife's relatives).—A-a-a-h-h me! Some men do have good luck!



Fairy Magic—Telephone Reality

A tent large enough to shelter his vast army, yet so small that he could fold it in his hand, was the gift demanded by a certain sultan of India of his son, the prince who married the fairy Pari-Banou.

It was not difficult for the fairy to produce the tent. When it was stretched out, the sultan's army conveniently encamped under it and, as the army grew, the tent extended of its own accord.

A reality more wonderful than Prince Ahmed's magic tent is the Bell Telephone. It occupies but a few square inches of space on your desk

or table, and yet extends over the entire country.

When you grasp it in your hand, it is as easily possible to talk a hundred or a thousand miles away as to the nearest town or city.

In the Bell System, 7,500,000 telephones are connected and work together to take care of the telephone needs of the people of this country.

As these needs grow, and as the number of telephone users increases, the system must inevitably expand. For the Bell System must always provide a service adequate to the demands of the people.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy

One System

Universal Service

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TIME, THREE A.M. — ASLEEP AT LAST.

Photogravure in Sepia, 21 x 8 in.

By Angus MacDonall.
PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

This is but one example of the PUCK PROOFS. Send 10c. for catalog with nearly fifty pages of miniature reproductions.

Address PUCK, New York

Anheuser-Busch Will Buy this Barley

Only the pick of America's Barley Crops and Bohemia's Saazer Hops are good enough from which to brew and age

Budweiser

America's National Beverage

The uniform flavor, quality and purity of Budweiser remains always the same because only the best materials enter our plant.



Bottled only at the home plant in St. Louis

Anheuser-Busch Brewery
St. Louis



A HINT.

When her pa throws down the night's paper
And comes in to wind the old clock;
When her ma covers up the canary
And begins all the doors to lock;
When her brother comes in from the pool-
room
And throws down his shoes on the floor—
Then it's time to make tracks for your hat,
kid,
And vanish post-haste through the door.

You've held her small hand all the evening
While you builded your castles in Spain,
Remember to-morrow is coming.
If you're good you may see her again.
You may think this stunt's put on to scare
you

And to keep you from wooing your lass,
But you'll find the sole purpose of all this
Is to keep you from wasting the gas.

—*Milwaukee Herald.*

"My wife will know I drank too
much at the banquet."

"Why, you are walking straight
enough."

"But look at the bum umbrella I
picked out!"—*Pittsburgh Post.*

"WHERE are you going?" asked the
housebreaker.

"Up to detective headquarters,"
said the safe-cracker. "I have reason
to believe that the police are on my
trail."—*Record-Herald.*



At the old wayside inn mine host
knew that tired wayfarers liked best
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THE PERI AT THE GATE OF PUBLIC-HOUSE.



PARSON.—My dear friend, I have observed you several times to hesitate
at this accursed door; and each time you have turned away with loathing.
Some impulse is at work upon you.

DANIEL BACKYARD (*hoarsely*).—Guv'nor, you are right. I'm waiting
till they puts the free lunch on.—*Sydney Bulletin.*

Sliced Oranges with a dash of Abbott's Bitters are
appetizing and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail,
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SMALL INDEED.

This one is told by Father Bernard Vaughan, who recently returned to
his home in England after a long visit to this country. A visitor from South
Africa, on being asked for his opinion of Niagara Falls, asked his American
friend, in turn: "What do you think of Victoria Falls compared with Niagara?"

"Victoria Falls compared with Niagara?—a mere frontal perspiration!"—
Brooklyn Eagle.

Puck Proofs

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AS IT SEEMED TO HIM.
By Gordon Grant.

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IN THE MORNING.

Through the gates of dawn is driven
Mighty Phœbus in his car,
And the gloom of night is riven
By his lances hurled afar.
Now the winds of dawn awaken.
With a bugle note they call,
And my resolution's shaken,
But I can't get up at all!

Now the little birds are singing
Their sweet matins in the trees,
And the cock's shrill cry goes ringing
In defiance down the breeze.
Now the world begins to shuffle
And repose from all has fled,
And they rise and don their duffle,
But I shall not leave the bed!

I can hear the dishes clatter,
I can hear the housemaid yawn;
Now I hear the children chatter
As they put their garments on.
Now I hear the missus calling:
"Do you mean to sleep all day?"
And—the thought of it is galling—
I shall get up, right away!

—New York Globe.

ASKING QUESTIONS.

One Sunday a bunch of nice young men went through Cleveland asking questions. One of these young men met up with another young man and started his catechism as follows:

"Do you drink?"

"No, sir."

"And why don't you drink?"

"My boss don't like it, my customers won't stand for it, and my conscience won't let me."

"Three very wonderful and practical reasons. What is your business?"

"I'm a bartender." — *Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"SUPPOSING I give you your supper," said the tired-looking woman, "what will you do to earn it?"

"Madam," said Meandering Mike, "I'll give you de opportunity of seein' a man go t'roo a whole meal wit'out findin' fault wit' a single t'ing."

The woman thought for a moment, and then told him to come in and she'd set the table. — *Washington Star.*

ANOTHER STRIKE WANTED.



THE PLAYER (to the man making the new hazard)—Well—er—look here. I suppose a couple of bob would n't induce you chaps to go on strike until the monthly competitions are over?

—London Opinion.

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HOPELESS TIGHTWAD.

"He's a mean man."

"How so?"

"When his little girl begs for an ice-cream sundae, he asks if she would n't rather have a gold watch when she's nineteen." — *Courier-Journal.*

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SATISFACTION.

CRAWFORD.—Did your wife have a good time in the country?

CRABSHAW.—No. The only thing that reconciled her was the thought that she had stayed away two weeks longer than the woman next door. — *Town Topics.*

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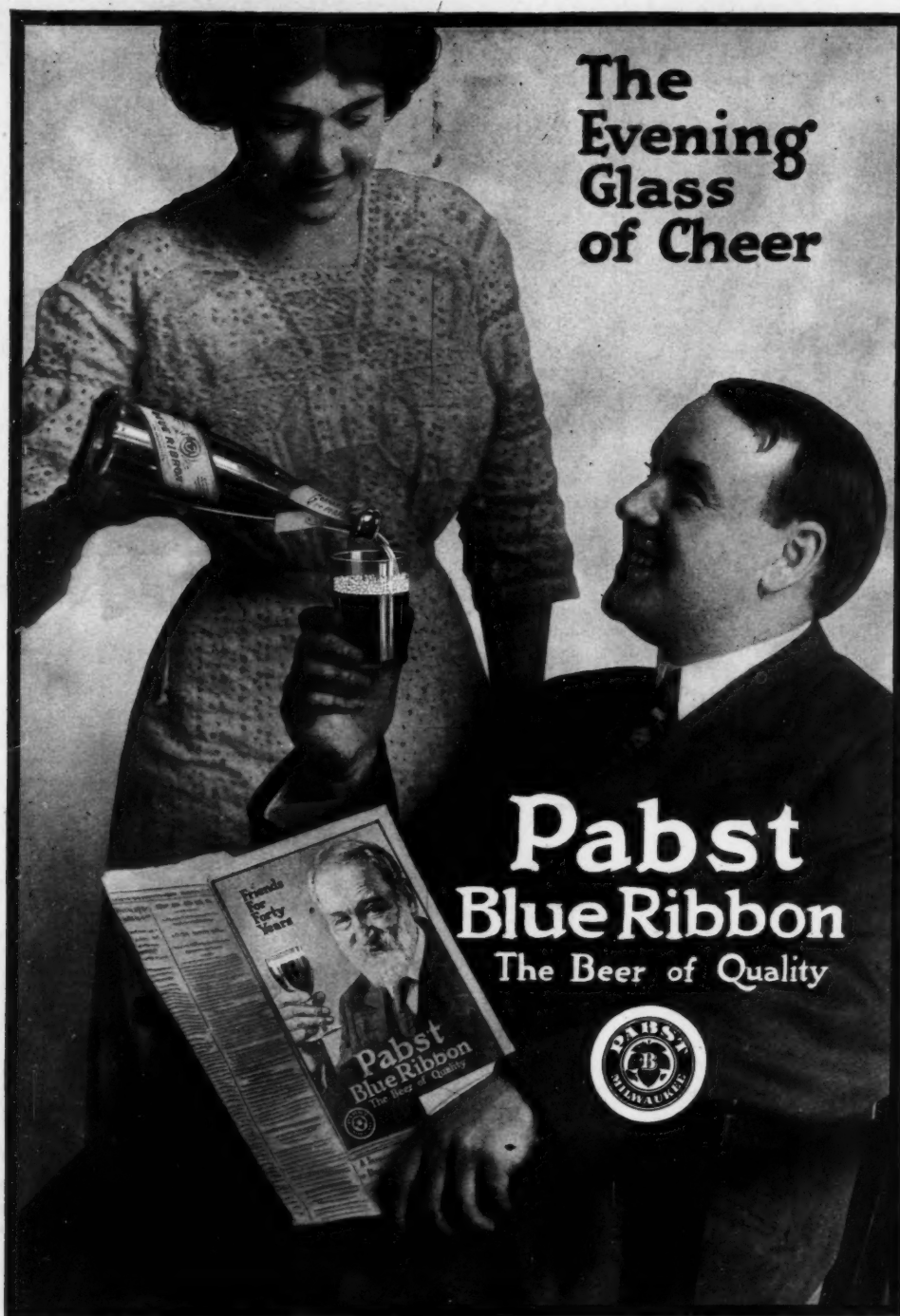
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IRISH BOATMAN (surveying the solitary result of the day).—It's a foin fish for the size av ut. Them'll run about three to the pound.

ANGLER.—Hardly that, I should say.

BOATMAN.—Well, maybe the other two'd be a bit bigger.—*Punch.*

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Charles P. Norcross went into a cigar-store in a Pennsylvania town and asked for some good cigars. A brand that was retailed at three for a quarter was the best the cigar-man could offer.

Norcross took three and lighted one. He stood puffing at it for a moment and the dealer asked:

"How do you like that cigar?"

"It's rotten!" said Norcross.

"Well," said the dealer, "I can't see that you've got any particular kick coming. You've only got three of them and I've got a thousand!"—*Saturday Evening Post.*

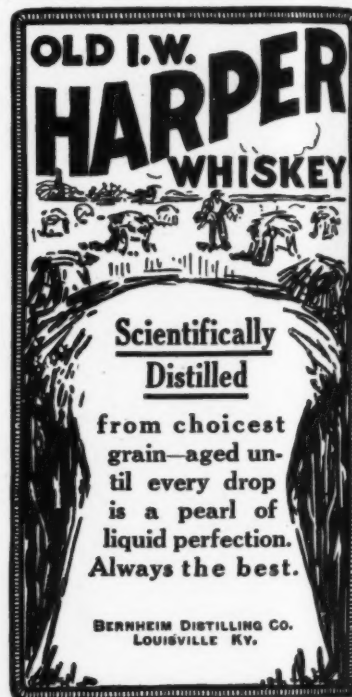
FRIEND.—What was the cause of that boating accident?

WATERMAN.—Too full.

FRIEND.—The boat too full?

WATERMAN.—No, the fellers in it.—*New York Weekly.*

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The night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall be multiplied at twilight
In a most amazing way.
The strains of "Traviata"
Shall float around the square,
With many another opera
And old familiar air.

The man in No. 7
Will play "The Magic Flute,"
And the feller in the corridor
Will make a tooter toot.
The great tones of Caruso
Shall rise above the blast,
And the din shall last till 9 o'clock
Or thirty minutes past.

The man in 27
Will turn on "Casey Jones,"
And the whole apartment-house will
rock
With consequential groans.
The night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall be multiplied at twilight
In a most amazing way.

—Post Dispatch.

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THERE'S many a man who
has built a rare reputation
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Made from better materials than a
bar cocktail is apt to be.

Mixed to measure;—not
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Sole Props.
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FORCE OF HABIT.

When Dorothy was making bread
In maiden days long years ago,
Her rolled-up sleeves showed arms of
snow,
Dimpled and round; her cheeks aglow,
She never quite so happy seemed
As when her hands were in the dough.

Dear Dorothy is older now,
But habits cling to friend and foe;
While hubby sleeps she, lying low,
Will through his bulging pockets go,
And never quite so happy seems
As when her hands are in the dough.

—Record-Herald.

A CALL FOR THE DOMINIE.

A clergyman's small daughter was
sent to bed supperless just before her
father's return from a short trip. Hear-
ing him enter, some time later, the
young lady called down:

"Mamma, I want to see daddy."

There was no response from below.
A moment later:

"Mamma, please let daddy get me a
drink of water."

When that also failed, a small white
figure came to the head of the stairs
and said sternly:

"Mrs. Hastings, I am a very sick
woman. I must see my pastor at
once!"

Needless to say, her pastor went up.
—Woman's Home Companion.

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OF AGES
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OH, a wonderful bird is the pelican!
His beak will hold more than his belican.
He can hold in his beak
Enough for a week—
I don't understand how the helican.
—Punch Bowl.

WIFE.—Considering how long I've
been away, I think you might have
made some preparations to receive me.
HUSBAND.—You do me injustice,
my dear. I have had the library and
parlor cleaned and aired.

SERVANT (interrupting).— Please,
sir, the man has come with a wagon
for them empty bottles.—Exchange.

"MY DEAR, having your father to live
with us won't work."
"But neither will father."—Baltimore
American.

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INSIDE INFORMATION.

CALLOW SPORTSMAN.—You remember when you guided me five years ago, Jake? What calibre rifle was I using that year?

GUIDE.—I don't know, sir; the doctors ain't never dug out the bullet!